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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HOW MUSIC IS WRITTEN.

Composers Cannot Tell How They Do It.

A St. Louis composer, whose opera have achieved popularity all over the United States, was recently asked how he composed music.

"I don't know," he said, "sometimes a melody is suggested to me by the words of a poem, sometimes by a sound like the rumble of a street car or the rattle of the wheels of a rail road train, and sometimes it comes as an inspiration without any origin that can be traced. People occasionally have the idea that, after a melody is written, the composer must sit down at the piano and hammer out a harmony, but, as a fact, no musician ever hears a melody without at the same time hearing in his own mind all the harmonies that are appropriate to it."

A St. Louis orchestra leader, who is also a composer, says that he never tries to write music until he feels the inspiration.

"Sometimes days will pass without writing a line, simply because I feel no inclination to write. Then, all of a sudden, without any notice, melodies come crowding into my mind so fast that I have no time to write them down. If I have a sheet of music paper convenient I use it, but if not I scratch the lines of the staff on any paper that may be at hand, and then make my notations on that. Often I have used the margin of newspapers, in writing down my memoranda. I lost a pretty melody once that I had written on my cuff. I intended to copy it when I reached home, but found I was rather late, for there was a concert that night, so I laid my cuff aside and my wife, not noticing the melody scribbled on it, sent it to the laundry. "They say that the biggest fish is the one that gets away, and on the same principle I feel pretty sure that the melody that was washed off my cuff was the prettiest I ever wrote."

Auto Seemed Out of Place.

One day last week a passenger in a Jerome avenue car noticed a smart touring car with a canopy top swerving out of Woodlawn cemetery in which were seated five persons, all in deer mourning, and even the chauffeur was in a black livery. By chance both the trolley car and the automobile had to stop owing to the road being blocked and from the manner in which the passengers in the car "rubbered" at the party of automobile mourners it was plain that their appearance in the motor struck the onlookers as unusual.

"Well," one old lady remarked, "I think they might keep those things out of the cemeteries at least."

Girls Wanted.

Since the beginning of this year five male immigrants have landed in New York city to two female immigrants.

Big List of Papers.

Germany's list of newspapers is the largest in Europe.

DRAINING SWAMP LANDS.

The Process is Going on All Over the Country.

At an expense of about \$20 an acre, Dan V. Stephens, of Fremont, Neb., is said to have converted 420 acres of practically worthless Platte Valley swamp into valuable farm land, worth, perhaps, \$100 an acre. While the food producing capacity of the country and its home manufacture consuming capacity are being enlarged by irrigation, the gaining of the same end by the converse process of drainage is not being neglected. The Dismal Swamp of Virginia and North Carolina, 1,000 square miles in extent, has long been shrinking as part after part has been drained and turned into the most fertile of farm land. Eventually, the entire area will be producing crops. Minnesota has recently drained swamp lands belonging to the state, and the value of the land at once rose rapidly. The state of Florida is largely a swamp which will one day be turned into a garden spot. Drainage operations are becoming common along the Missouri in Nebraska. Kansas City Star.

Cause and Effect.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"I think our hen is going to lay an egg."
"What makes you think so, my boy?"
"Cause I saw her eating the egg plant in the garden today!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Cause and Effect.

"Plump figures," said the woman who was reading the fashions, "are going out of style."
"Nonsense," answered her husband. "Food is rather expensive. But the situation isn't as bad as that."

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HOCKING VALLEY.

CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE NAME OF LOVE

A Strange Epidemic of Murders in New York City in Which Dan Cupid Plays the Leading Part.

That there is really an epidemic of crimes in the sacred name of Love might well appear from the startling record of fatal tragedies, a large proportion of which have had their scenes in New York.

"I killed her because I thought she was not true to me," said Julius Hoffman, as he looked from the New York police to dying Draga Segel.

"Will you take me back?" demanded Henry Fischer of Johanna Horfer, an attractive young waitress who was on duty at her uncle's lunch room, 821 Tenth avenue, and as she didn't reply he shot her down in cold blood, then turned the weapon on himself.

Thus, on the police blotter, within 24 hours, two more murders were charged to the blind little god, Love.

Why has Cupid traded his well-beloved and gentle weapons, the bow and arrow, for the more formidable revolver?

In the days when Love was young, and the simple life an actuality, not a theory, Cupid tipped his arrow with golden love-sonnets and aimed it with a laugh. Today, in New York, with its strange commingling of foreign elements, its nervous tension, its glittering pleasures and its appalling loneliness, Cupid oftentimes leads his newly acquired weapon with death-dealing bullets and sends them flying to the accompaniment of a groan or a curse. Within the past 12 months Love's hand has aimed more deadly weapons than Bacchus, or Greed, or Revenge, or Hatred. Race-hatred, sudden fury following on the heels of a business quarrel, these and all other causes must give Love precedence as the power behind the gun, the knife, the rifle.

Just a year ago, in an obscure downtown hotel, Louis G. Hampton, a man of family, social and business standing, shot and killed first the woman he loved and then himself. The woman in the case was Victoria Tackew, a beautiful salesgirl in a department store. She was 23 years the junior of her wealthy and influential admirer, who was an official of the United States Trust company, of Wall street. She did not know he was married. She was waiting for the death of his aged mother to relieve him of certain domestic responsibilities and set him free to marry the girl he loved. Her name was above reproach. Her family knew of her love affair and approved of the supposedly prospective marriage.

What happened between these two behind the barred door of the obscure hotel no one knows. Perhaps the girl had learned the hideous truth, and told the man she no longer loved him—that she was leaving him forever. Three sharp reports, scurrying foot-

of many admirers treated with courteous toleration by the belle of Carmine street and the Spring street factory, but in time all fell back in favor of Vincenzo Lavorece. The betrothal of the handsome couple was announced, their wedding day grew near—but with it came death. An- toinette, not content with her conquest, had later made fun of Figlia, who was small and unattractive, calling him "The Toad." On the twenty-sixth day of November "The Toad" and the factory beauty met during the noon hour at the water cooler. An angry question, a taunting reply, four reports from a death-dealing pistol, a once beautiful form lying in a pool of blood, a gullen man facing the officers of the law.

"She made fun of me, and I killed her. Now she won't marry any one, and if I die, too, I don't care."

December, month of the Christ-child, passed without a murder in the name of Love; but on January 2 the police gathered into their dragnet Leo Mitchell, who for more than four years had been in hiding for the murder of Marie Lewinso, a pretty girl who had refused to marry him, after he had paid her passage over from Italy. To be sure, this was because Marie had heard that Leo had another wife in Italy, but the jealous Italian had passed the stage where marriage vows counted against the power of the little god—and so he, too, raised his revolver and shot the girl through the heart.

Five days later George Fallon, who ran a flower stand at Eighty-first street and Columbus avenue, shot and killed Mrs. Madeline Wiedman, the wife of his business neighbor, John Wiedman, a news dealer. Mrs. Wiedman was a striking brunette who with her assistant, Miss Ralch, plied the trade of manufacturing at the Endicott hotel. She lived at No. 80 West Eighty-second street, whither on the fatal night George Fallon had been bidden, with other guests, to celebrate a birthday. As the guests separated, Fallon drew Mrs. Wiedman aside and again urged the unlawful love which she had often spurned, and, being spurned again, that love cried hoarsely: "I'm tired of this nonsense. I love you, and I'm going to have you."

Then again the fatal shot and another at Mrs. Wiedman's assistant, who came to her rescue, and still a third and a sharp knife at his own throat. Another tragedy in the name of Love had been written in New York's criminal annals.

In the early dawn of March 1 Ametillo Gallo, a young bride of Northern Little Italy, went a-gunning for the man who had stolen from him, at a

to live with me she will never live with another. We are going to die together. Laura and Jim." But the woman shot herself first. The man missed his aim and then weakened. Broken marriage vows, quarrels patched up and then renewed, love one minute, hatred the next, death for the wife, suspicion, arrest and dishonor for the husband—and all in the name of Love!

"Three bullets for sweetheart and one for herself," is the tabloid form in which Marie Balasi's tragedy was written on Independence day. Deceived and ruined by Henry Stern, a stranger in a strange land, and deserted by the man she had trusted, poor Marie Balasi thus ended forever the new love dream in which Stern had lost all sense of honor and obligation to her.

On July 23 occurred one of the most sensational murders in New York's recent history. Miss Esther Norling discovered that Frank H. Warner, once her business employer, later her partner, was not worthy of her trust and love, and thrust him out of her life. Drink-sodden and believing that the girl, by her act, had

hand in hand. From Australia came some childhood friends of the pretty Draga. She did the honors of New York to her former playmates. Hoffman heard and armed himself for revenge.

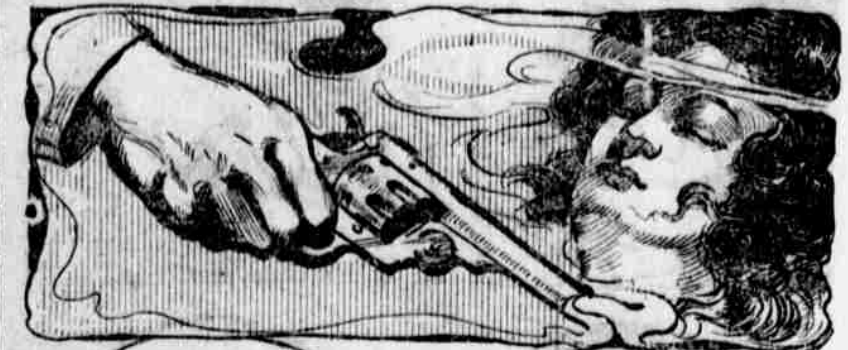
"I gave up everything, wife, family, standing, for love of you. You shall belong to no other man."

Again the fatal shot. Again a woman pleading that she loved only the man whose hand held the smoking revolver. Again the rage-dimmed eyes that somehow regulate a fatally true aim. Again the rush of excited people, the clang of the ambulance bell, the shouts of officers driving back the curious throng—and another crime is laid at the door of poor, twentieth-century worn Cupid.

TELEPHONE USED BY JAPS.

Government Owns System Which Has Many Up-to-Date Features.

In Japan the telephone system is operated by the government. Telephone, postal and telegraph services are all under one head, being controlled by a group of officials who



The Clergyman Pinioned the Half Crazy Youth and Miss Crouse Escaped to Her Family.

separated him from the last hope of earthly happiness or all connection with a decent life. Warner shot and killed her in the very door of the store where she was employed as cashier, at No. 2 West Forty-second street. Then, blood-crazed, he dashed down town and killed a life-long friend, John C. Wilson, a millionaire hat manufacturer of Waverly place and Greene street, who was in the act of loaning the crazed man money.

A doughty and strong-armed minister of the gospel saved a young woman from a hated marriage and perhaps from actual death at Asbury Park on September 19. Helia Crouse, daughter of a Presbyterian minister at Stanhope, N. J., was engaged to Percy C. Bissell, a student at the state normal school, Trenton, N. J., when rumors reached her that her intended was a confirmed gambler. Her father found that the rumors were only too true and the engagement was broken off. The Crouses went to Ocean Grove, whither young Bissell followed. The two young people met on the street, and sympathetically, Bissell displayed a revolver and ordered the girl to accompany him to the pastorate of Rev. C. M. Griffin, pastor of the Asbury Park Methodist church. In the middle of the service Miss Crouse began to scream, asking that she be protected from her too anxious lover. Whereupon, the clergyman, being armed of arm, pinioned the half-crazed youth, and Miss Crouse escaped to the bosom of her family. But the end was not yet, and friends of the family assert that Bissell should be confined, as the girl is not safe so long as he is at large.

And last comes Julius Hoffman, married, formerly a lieutenant in the Austrian army, who for love and jealousy killed Draga Segel. For he had given up wife, children and friends. Hoffman and his wife had come from Australia, bringing with them Draga, who had been an apprentice in Mrs. Hoffman's dressmaking establishment.

In New York they all prospered until love, blind, irresponsible, unreasonable love, took a hand in the game. Mrs. Hoffman left her husband and Draga went to live with a family by the name of Lucas. Hoffman lived alone. Mrs. Hoffman brought suit against Draga, Segel, who in another year would come into an inheritance of \$100,000, for alienating her husband's affections; and Draga in turn brought suit for defamation of character. In the midst of this confusion jealousy and death appeared

form what is known as the department of communications. Although this department has had only a few years in which to build up the telephone service it has made such progress as to put the Japanese system in a condition which makes it so much superior to others in the east that it is not for a moment to be compared with them, says the American Telephone Journal. In fact the Japanese telephone men have adopted many ideas in connection with the building and operation of their plants which show that they could give valuable pointers to many Europeans in charge of telephone systems under government control.

Their progressiveness, for example, in the use of telephones to aid in army maneuvers is known to the whole world. It is acknowledged everywhere that in the late war with Russia they developed field telephone service to a point of greater efficiency than has been reached by any other army.

Tokio has, as would be expected, the largest telephone system of any of the Japanese cities, and the general features of construction and operation there seem to be typical of the practice throughout the country.

Out of a population of nearly a million people about 15,000 are subscribers for telephone service. The lines are divided between five offices. The rates are 60 yen (about \$32) for either business or residence stations. All lines are individual, party line service being esteemed unsatisfactory.

Cleanliness is the most noteworthy thing which impresses itself upon a visitor to one of these central offices. The reason for the absence of dust is made apparent to the stranger by the request that he shall remove his boots before entering, which is continuously made at the door. Although a pair of slippers is provided as a substitute for the foot covering worn out of doors, the shape of these shoes is so peculiar that the writer has in some instances found it more convenient to walk in his stocking feet. The advantage of this oriental custom of removing the shoes before walking upon the floor of a room is shown clearly enough by the results. The Japanese offices are by long odds the neatest the writer has ever been in in any part of the world.

All the operators are girls. The endless succession of challenges, "Nausan" (number), is spoken in a well-modulated tone of voice and calls seem to be answered promptly.

Business and Professional

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CURETY BONDS ISSUED.

stops and bated breaths in the hallway without, and within—Cupid weeping over his deadly work.

November—and the Thanksgiving spirit abroad in the big, bustling city. But no such spirit in the heart of Giuseppe Figlia. Working with him in the same factory at No. 67 Spring street was beautiful Antoinette Maciocci, beautiful as an Italian woman in only at the age of 19. Figlia had loved and wooed her, had been one

dance in the New Star Casino. One Hundred and Seventh street and Lexington avenue, the belle of the ball, Sandra Gioveli. But his rival shot first. Shots were about as thick as Italian curses, and for the love of one girl Gallo died and six men were held as his assassins.

June 17, James Wardell and his wife, Laura, entered into a suicide pact, as the note found in their room proved: "As long as Laura is going